

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Three Days.

So much to do; so little time!
Ah, yesterday I saw the sun
Sink beamless down the vaulted gray—
The ghastly ghost of yesterday.

So little done; so much to do!
Each morning breaks on conflicts new;
But eager, brave, I'll join the fray
And fight the battle of to-day.

So much to do; so little time!
But when it's over—the victory won—
Oh, then, my soul, this strife and sorrow
Will end in that great glad to-morrow!
—James R. Gilmore.

Miss Roosevelt's Views.

The New York American interests its readers by the following anecdotes in regard to shopping done by Miss Alice Roosevelt during her recent New York visit. The American says:

Miss Alice Roosevelt, concluded her shopping expedition in New York Wednesday morning with one of the most momentous purchases she has made. This was a very handsome house gown, trimmed with Irish linen crocheted lace, and she is said to have paid \$300 for it. The choosing of the materials for this creation occupied Miss Roosevelt only about half an hour. The order was left with a well-known Fifth Avenue modiste.

It developed yesterday that the dress-making establishment in Thirty-fourth Street where Miss Roosevelt is having her trousseau made was thrown into a state of excitement on Monday by the unexpected appearance of the bride-elect, who tripped in and immediately wanted to look at some gowns. The trousseau, Oh, dear! Miss Alice hates to be fitted, and although the dressmaker has been expecting her to announce a visit some time this week for the purpose of being fitted, she did not contemplate being taken by surprise on Monday.

All the wedding gowns were hastily gathered from the cutter, the fitter, the trimmer, and the finisher, and every one hung around on tiptoe to superintend the last fitting of these important gowns. But Miss Alice waved them all aside. "I didn't come to be fitted to-day," she declared. "I want a gown to wear to-night." Thereupon she pulled over all the pretty evening gowns in stock, chatting, meanwhile, of the approaching wedding and taking a cheerful interest in the appearance of her most important trousseau gowns in this paper last Monday.

"Why aren't you having any bridesmaids?" asked somebody.

"I'd love to. Yes, I'd just love to," she said, "but I'd have to have at least 50 if I had any. It's too bad I can't have any, but I can't make my friends jealous, and how could I ever choose 50 bridesmaids from among them all? I'd want them all, and I must say," with a bewitching smile, "that I think they'd like it."

Just then a yellow satin evening gown claimed her attention.

"Oh, what a lovely thing," she cried. "I must have that. What's the use of fitting it. I'm sure it will fit me, and I haven't the time to-day."

With a touch here and another there, the satin gown, with its rich embroidery and lace-trimmed bodice, was ready for her to wear to the opera on Monday night. The gown was worn to Mr. Vanderbilt's house, where Miss Alice slipped into it, and was highly pleased with it, notwithstanding that some of her friends protested its style "too old" for her.

"With the charming whim which young Miss Roosevelt occasionally shows, Miss Roosevelt is having a number of her gowns made in a matronly style, such as would be suitable for much older women than herself. Another such gown she selected on Tuesday, when she again descended upon the Thirty-fourth Street establishment.

"Has she come to be fitted?" everybody asked, for there lay the shining satins and glimmering silks, awaiting a last draping upon the young figure of their owner, and the finishers were anxious to get to work.

"Yes, we've come to be fitted," she said. But she soon proved that she hadn't. "Haven't you something pretty in a cloak?" she asked. "Something in blue? You know about the shade of blue I like."

Certainly there was something pretty in blue. The "something" was produced, and soon Miss Roosevelt was in raptures over a superb white cloth cloak, embroidered all over with iridescent fringes and satin beads in shades of blue.

She slipped into the wrap, turned about to get the effect in the mirror, and said she'd take the cloak to wear that night. "Have you time to be fitted now?" timidly asked the patient fitter.

"In a minute," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders. That was just a bit expressive of how she hated to be fitted. "I want to see about a reception gown first."

"Blue? No; I think I'd like something pink. A pink satin."

"Very simple?" suggested the dressmaker. "Pink satin is a trifle 'old' for you."

"Oh, not too simple," declared Miss Alice. "I want lots of trimming on the bodice, and—"

"But not on the skirt," interrupted the modiste. "Yellow is so smart."

"Well," laughed Miss Alice, and they talked over the pink gown and she pulled over gowns here and gowns there in the full enjoyment of selection.

"Excuse me, but haven't you a moment

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The new garments are coming in, but we want to cut one more slice off the price of this season's stock. You can get Suits and Coats for less than half what the new ones will bring. If you are smart in designing, a little work will make them like the new styles.

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See the Pretty Valentines

This is our first showing of them, and they are rarely pretty and attractive. Not the grotesque kind. If they verge on the comic, it is the kindly suggestive, and not an attempt to convey disagreeable personalities anonymously. The artistic work, too, is of a high order. Prices from 1c up to \$4.98.

Poems You Ought to Know.

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

No. 734.

O, LAY THY HAND IN MINE, DEAR!

By GERALD MASSEY.

The portrait and biographical sketch of Massey have already appeared in this series.

O LAY thy hand in mine, dear;
We're growing old;
But time hath brought no sign, dear,
That hearts grow cold.
'Tis long, long since our new love
Made life divine;
But age enricheth true love,
Like noble wine.

And lay thy cheek to mine, dear,
And take thy rest;
Mine arms around thee twine, dear,
And make thy nest.
A many cares are pressing
On this dear head;
But sorrow's hands in blessing
Are surely laid.

O, lean thy life on mine, dear;
I'll shelter thee.
Thou wert a winsome vine, dear,
On my young tree.
And so, till boughs are leafless,
And song-birds flown,
We'll twine, then lay us, griefless,
Together down.

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Sunday, Oct. 11, 1904. One is published each day.

to be fitted?" insistently and coaxingly asked the weary fitter.

"Oh, in a minute! I need a tea gown, a real empire tea gown, and—"

"How about yellow?" suggested the modiste.

"Yellow is so smart."

"Oh, yes, yellow. Chiffon, you know; and I'd like it embroidered, and lace on it, you know. And I want the embroidered design to be roses."

In a moment Miss Alice was absorbed in the outlines of her new tea gown and the discussion of whether it should be made up over liberty satin, soft silk, or closely fitted taffeta. Satin won the day, and the order was given for a yellow chiffon tea gown, elaborately embroidered in sequins and silk, made in empire style, over a satin underslip veiled in golden chiffon.

"I want the pink satin made princess, and lots of embroidery on the bodice, and some lace around the neck—"

"I know," nodded madame, wisely. "You shall have it just so."

"There are the gowns to be fitted," began a gentle voice.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Alice. "Have I been all this time getting that cloak and the pink gown and the yellow tea gown? I must go. I'll come in again and get fitted."

Off she tripped. The fitters sighed and then they smiled. "Isn't she sweet?" said they. "But I wish we had those gowns fitted."

Miss Roosevelt's aunt, Mrs. Douglas Robinson, is having a handsome gray

satin gown made at the "Thirty-fourth Street shop, intended to be worn at the wedding, and Mrs. Robert Bacon, also a relative, has sent to the same establishment for models and samples, and will order her gown this week.

Mrs. Roosevelt has sent word that she will not come to New York for a last fitting, so the fitters will be sent to the White House again. They have already been there and finished up part of their work.

The few who have been privileged to see the superb brocade which forms the court train of Miss Roosevelt's wedding gown have gone into raptures over it. The Dowager Empress of China is immensely pleased that her gift has been put to this use. She gave enough for a whole gown, but Miss Roosevelt decided to use it all in a gorgeous train, whose stateliness is relieved and rendered youthful by the contrast of the satin princess gown worn with it.

Persistent notices appear to the effect that Miss Roosevelt's trousseau is being made up of entirely American stuffs. This is not so. The majority of her gowns thus far have been made of materials procured by the Empress of Japan, the Empress of China, royalties in Korea, and dignitaries in the Philippines.

The modiste herself furnished the satin for the wedding gown from her stock, and this is supplied with duchesse wedding satin from the Paterson mills, not made especially for Miss Roosevelt.

Announcements.

Mr. and Mrs. William Berry Bradley, of Manchester, have issued invitations to the marriage of their sister, Catherine Elizabeth Johnson, to Mr. John Walter Nockley. The ceremony will be at their home, 120 Bainbridge Street, on Thursday, February 15th. Miss Johnson is a Princess Edward girl and has many friends in Farmville.

Pultz—McKenna.

Invitations have been issued by Justice and Mrs. McKenna for the wedding of their daughter, Hildegard, to Mr. John Leggett Pultz, of New York. The ceremony will take place in the McKenna home, in this city, at noon February 21.

Miss Chew Engaged.

Mr. Thomas J. Chew, whose summer home is near Warrenton, announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Jennette E. Chew, to Dr. Samuel Claggett, of Frederick county, Md. The wedding will take place in the Easter week.

Dunn—Goss.

The approaching wedding is announced of Miss Florence Linden Goss, daughter of Mr. John Goss, to Mr. Percy Thomas Dunn, the ceremony to be performed in Piedmont Christian Church, Albemarle county, February 14th.

Tabler—Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Moorehead Miller, of Berkeley county, have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Miss Laura Jane Miller, to Mr. Roy Baker Tabler. The ceremony will be solemnized at 12 o'clock on Wednesday, February 7th, at the United Brethren Church, at Greensburg, that county.

Leuter—Maury.

Miss Eleanor Maury, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Price Maury, of Albemarle county, will be married to Dr. William E. Leuter, in the home of her grandmother in San Antonio, Texas, on February 10th.

Dr. Leuter is one of San Antonio's

prominent physicians, and comes of an excellent family.

Miss Maury's friends in Virginia regret that she will not be married in Charlottesville. For the past two years she has made her home with her grandmother in San Antonio.

Birthday Party.

Miss Alice Lyle entertained a few of her friends at home last Monday evening in honor of her birthday. Among those present were Miss Lillian Wagner, Ruby Tucker, Rosa Parrah, Dora Levin, Eva Tucker, Messrs. E. Anderson, M. Jones, H. Vaden, H. Motley, J. Charles, J. Burgo, F. Moore, Ellis, H. Sullivan, J. Davis, F. Lyle, Mr. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. Haug, Mr. and Mrs. Tierney, and Mr. and Mrs. Lyle. Musical selections and recitations were given during the evening, and after a delightful supper was served.

Dejarnette—Hopkins.

An interesting announcement to friends of Dr. Chertsey Hopkins in Richmond has to do with Dr. Hopkins's marriage on February 14th to Dr. J. S. Dejarnette, of the Western State Hospital staff, in Staunton.

Dr. Hopkins, who is now in Richmond, will go from this city to Upland, Pennsylvania, where her wedding will be celebrated in the home of her sister, Mrs. A. Walter Talley. She has recently resigned her position in the Western State Hospital, which she has filled most admirably for many years.

Personal Mention.

Miss Margaret McEgan has returned home after a visit to Miss Margaret Cobb in Norfolk.

Mrs. James, of this city, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Walcott, in West Point.

Mr. Guy Christian has gone to Boonsville, Va., to assist in the missionary work, in the absence of the Rev. G. P. Mayo, who is visiting in New York.

Mrs. Edward Echols and Miss Harriet Echols, of Staunton, are at the Jeffersons.

Mrs. E. P. Daniel, of Charlotte county, who came here to see her son, will leave to-day for her home.

Mr. Charles G. Maphis, of Charlottesville, is in the city.

Mr. Jack Eley, of Brambleton, has come to Richmond and expects to make his home here.

Miss Nan Jeffries, one of the most charming and attractive girls in Warrenton, Va., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. D. Thomas, of No. 113 East Grace Street.

Miss Mabel Crofts, who has been visiting the Misses Machin in this city, has returned to her home in Brambleton.

Mr. Thomas B. Dawson, a Virginian by birth, but now living in Los Angeles, Cal., celebrated his one-hundredth birthday several days ago. Mr. Dawson was born near Winchester, Va., on January 28th, 1806. Mr. Dawson has thirteen children, forty-eight grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Miss Nettie McCormick has returned to Newport, after a visit to relatives here.

Miss Julia Duval, who has been visiting Mrs. J. A. Potts, of Barboursville, Va., has returned to her home in this city.

Mr. James A. Scott, of Lynchburg, was among the out-of-town people present at the inauguration of Governor Swanson.

Mr. Paul W. Garrett, of Leesburg, also came to the city to attend the inaugural ceremonies.

Mrs. L. L. Hatfield, who has been visiting her sister here, has returned to her home in Franklin, Southampton county, Va.

Miss Nellie Foster, of Spotsylvania county, is visiting relatives here.

Ex-Governor J. Hoge Tyler, of Radford, was in the city this week to attend the inauguration of Governor Swanson.

Miss Millie Hines, of Charlotte county, is visiting relatives here.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. R. Rosebro, of Fredericksburg, are in the city.

Mr. E. W. Carpenter, of Harrisonburg, was present at the inaugural ceremonies Thursday.

Mr. L. Edward Richardson is visiting friends in Berryville.

Mr. N. C. McGhee, of Charlottesville, who has been in the city on business, will leave to-day for his home.

Mrs. James Welsh was a member of Mrs. Swanson's party at the capital inaugural ceremonies and afterward accompanied the party to the executive mansion.

Mrs. Marcella Mann has returned from a visit to her son, Mr. Robert Mann, in Louisa.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. O'Connell, of Baltimore, are spending the week in Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Cassell, of Portsmouth, Va., entertained very handsomely Thursday evening, in honor of their niece, Miss Emma Stephens Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Irvine Overby, who were married at the home of the bride's father at Chatham, Va., on Wednesday last, attended the inauguration of Governor Claude A. Swanson on Thursday.

Miss Sally Tereol, of Louisa, spent several days with friends in Richmond on her way to Charles City county.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Ray, of Chicago, Ill., are spending some time with Miss Pitzer at No. 115 East Franklin Street.

Hon. John Goode, who came to Richmond for the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCabe, returned to Washington Tuesday.

DECLARED DESERTER.

James Curry Fined in Police Court Under Warrant From Officer.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.) STAUNTON, VA., February 2.—James Curry, formerly a private in the Staunton Rifles, but who was discharged and declared a deserter, was found guilty of retaining in his possession certain property belonging to the military service of the State, and refusing to obey the command of his superior officers in regard to the same, and fined \$5 in police court this morning.

He was declared a deserter by orders from the Adjutant-General's office at Richmond, January 9th, for non-attendance at drills. He failed to appear before police justice when summoned, and his captain swore out a warrant for him.

We printed 1,208,000 copies of the February number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

The day after publication orders were received from the wholesale news companies that could not be filled.

Every copy has been sold, and we cannot print more.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Princess Waits.

By JEAN COURTENAY.

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

It was a yellow room, her sanctum, and seemed to hold eternal sunshine.

It was at the top of the great town house, and extended right through the building from east to west. Wide casement windows with deep window seats opened out, on the east, to the park; so that you looked away into greenness and space, and missed the traffic that surged in the roadway beneath.

The walls were hung with old yellow tapestries, and art treasures abounded. And she who sat there in the quaint gilded chair? She was like some old-world princess of fairy queen—motionless and silent. Dreaming amid beauty—her self very essence—yet waiting in unconscious waitfulness for the awakening of love.

Pamela's father, realizing that his only child possessed unusual beauty, had desired an artist to paint her in her sanctum. Pamela was now awaiting the first sitting.

She was so engrossed in thought that she did not hear him announced, and on the deep sigh of artistic pleasure that escaped him as he gazed spellbound on the picture before him.

"Don't move, please! Keep just as you are. The pose is absolutely perfect," he said, eagerly, and with a certain authority.

"Then you have come to paint my portrait?" Her voice was soft and musical, and she had a slightly foreign intonation that was quaint and pretty. It came with a touch of surprise to the artist, for her father was a typical Englishman, proud and reserved.

"I had dared to imagine it possible—till I saw you," he said. "Now you frighten me!"

"How?" Her wonderful eyes widened with surprise, and he found them deep gray.

"Because—because," he made a gesture of despair, "no canvas will hold you!"

A little smile lifted the corners of her mouth as she answered: "Is that so? I did not know that I was so large; you frighten me now, Mr. Erroll!"

The artist was rapidly making the necessary preparations for beginning his sketch. He looked up at her words and meeting her droll expression.

"Ah, it is not your size," he said. "It is your beauty!"

"Beauty?" Her head was bent once more over her crayons and paints and he missed the rose-red that warmed her face, and perhaps it was as well, for it would but have deepened his despair.

Her smile grew. "Beauty is but skin deep, they say. Your canvas should be strong enough to hold me even so!"

Erroll straightened himself from his stooping position and looked at his fair sitter. Then he laughed frankly and said:

"Ah, the beauty is not all. There is the spirit behind that is more difficult to capture; and behind yet again is the woman's heart that will awaken only at the coming of her prince. Isn't that so?"

"I think it is," she said, wonderingly, and once more the rare roses came into her cheeks. "But—how did you know?"

He was standing now before his easel busy at work, watching each subtle change of expression flit across her face with the artist's aid of his uppermost, and therefore unhampered by the self-consciousness of the man.

"I read it in your eyes, I think," he replied.

Just then the door opened and a trim maid crossed the spacious room and seated herself with her work at the farther window.

When Erroll left that morning, he carried away with him in his heart, and an ache that would never be cured till he had won fame, and might dare to awaken the princess.

The sittings took place regularly, and the portrait grew, and so did their friendship.

Pamela's deep eyes gained a gladness, and an added wistfulness of which she knew not, but which enhanced her beauty in the eyes of Erroll.

His pictured Pamela had found her soul; it looked out of her glorious eyes and startled the beholder by its power and loveliness, and to Erroll it prophesied fate. The real Pamela was not quite so confidential after a time. She was gentle and gracious always; that was her nature, but at times she would become shy and the ache grew and grew in the artist's heart.

He knew that the princess was ready to awaken, but, alas! the poor prince was delayed in his coming.

had first seen her, sitting in the gilded chair, with her great dark eyes gazing out into space. And in painting her eyes Erroll had succeeded wonderfully, for they were as evasive in color as the living counterparts. But instead of the lie in my power to grant it, if so. But drams, far-off look, there was a dawn-inrecognition in their soft, tender depths, as if she already saw her prince in the far distance, and was longing to welcome him. Her drooping mouth was shaped for a kiss, and her lap was full of violets.

It was called "The Princess Waits," and was proclaimed the crowning triumph of art in the exhibition.

"You must not grow too fast, princess, or you will not have strength to live. Do I tire you with the sittings?" he asked, wistfully.

"Oh, no, Mr. Erroll," was the eager reply. "They are my life." She hesitated. "You have succeeded wonderfully. My dark eyes questioned eagerly."

"They make me very happy," was the shy answer, and the roses that only bloomed for Erroll crowded into her face.

"You will spoil me for any other sitter, Princess Pamela," said the artist, wondering how much longer he would be able to crush down the longing to gather her close to his heart. Her naive confession made the temptation almost irresistible.

Her father was delighted with the portrait and anxious for it to appear in the Royal Academy that year.

"You have succeeded wonderfully, Mr. Erroll," he said, with more enthusiasm in his manner than it often showed.

"My little daughter is before me in softened—her mother looks at me out of her eyes! This picture will make you famous, I hope," he added kindly.

"I hope so, sir. And, it does, I may come back and ask you for a far greater favor."

"Indeed?" The Englishman retired of her eyes! This picture will make you hastily into his shell. "I hope it may there will be time enough to discuss that when the picture is accepted."

The picture was hung on the line. It represented Pamela as the artist

Dr. Laws to Lecture.

Dr. Curtis Lee Laws is to deliver his series of illustrated lectures on Italy, Paris and London some time in February at West View Baptist church, under the auspices of the Baruch class of that church.

Announcement!

WE beg to announce to our friends and the public that our store will be closed after Saturday, February 3d, for two weeks, during which time our new and handsome fixtures and soda fountain will be installed, together with the Ladies' Lunch Cafe on the second floor, at a cost of \$15,000.

We take this opportunity to thank our friends for past favors and assure them it is our intention to maintain always the highest standard which has made our products famous throughout the United States.

Guth

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